

You Know My Steez (Three Men and a Lady Remix)

Gang Starr

That makes me know that, we we we we're doin
We had the right idea in the beginning
And and we just need to maintain our focus, and elevate
We what we do we update our formulas
We have certain formulas but we update em (oh right)
with the times, and everything y'know
And and so. y'know
The rhyme style is elevated
The style of beats is elevated
but it's still Guru and Premier
And it's always a message involved "The real... hip-hop"
"MCing, and DJing. from your own mind, ya know?"
"I, I guess right now we should start the show"
(Guru)

Who's the suspicious character strapped with the sounds profound
Similar to rounds spit by Derringers
You're in the Terrordome like my man Chuck D said
It's time to dethrone you clones, and all you knuckleheads
Cause MC's have used up extended warranties
While real MC's and DJ's are a minority
But right about now, I use my authority
Cause I'm like the Wizard and you look lost like Dorothy
The horror be when I return for my real people
Words that split wigs hittin like some double Desert Eagles
Sportin caps pulled low, and baggy slacks
Subtractin all the rappers who lack, over Premier's tracks
Severe facts have brought this rap game to near collapse
So as I have in the past, I whup ass
Droppin lyrics that be hotter than sex and candlewax
And one-dimensional MC's can't handle that
While the world's revolv'n, on it's axis
I come with mad love and plus the illest warlike tactics
The wilderness is filled with this; so many people
searching for false lift, I'm here with the skills you've missed
The rejected stone is now the cornerstone
Sort of like the master builder when I make my way home
You know my steez...

"You know my steez" --> Method Man

"Let em know, do your thing y'all" "Keep it live"

"To the beat y'all" --> Flavor Flav
The beat is sinister, Primo makes you relax

I'm like the minister, when I be lacin the wax
 I be bringin salvation through the way that I rap
 And you know, and I know, I'm nice like that
 Work through worldly problems, I got the healing power
 When the mic's within my reach, I'm feelin more power
 Stealing at least three minutes of every rap radio hour
 It's often easier for one, to give advice
 Than it is for a person to run one's own life
 That's why I can't be caught up in all the hype
 I keep my soul tight and let these lines takes flight
 The apparatus gets blessed, and suckers get put to rest
 No more of the unpure I got the cure for this mess
 The wackness is spreadin like the plague
 MC's lucked up and got paid but still can't make the f**kin grade
 How many times are wannabe's gonna lie?
 Yo they must wanna fry, they can't touch the knowledge I personify
 I travel through the darkness carrying my torch
 The illest soldier, when I'm holding down the fort
 ("You know my steez" --> Method Man)
 You know my steez..."Let em know, do your thing y'all""Keep it live"
 "You know my steez" --> Method Man
 repeat 4X with very last line modified as follows
 "The mic..."On the microphone you know that I'm one of the best yet
 Some punks, ain't paid all of their debts yet
 Tryin to be fly, ridin high on the jet-set
 With juvenile rhymes makin fake-ass death threats
 Big deal, like En Vogue, here's something you can feel
 Styles more tangible, and image more real
 For some time now, I've held the scrolls and manuscripts
 When it's time to go all out you be like, "Damn he flipped"
 Now I'm sick, fed up with the bullshit
 Got the lyrical full clip, giving you a verbal asswhip
 Don't trip it's the gifted prolific one
 Known as Bald Head Slick -- why is the press all on my di-dick?
 My style be wilder, than a kamikaze pilot
 Don't try it, I'm about to start more than a friggin riot
 Styles unsurpassable, and nuccas that's suckas, yo
 Them motherf**kers are harrassable
 For I be speaking from my parables and carry you beyond
 The mic's either a magic wand
 Or it gets tragic like the havoc of a nuclear bomb
 Then I grab your palm, no pulse you're gone
 And if you thought we'd lose our niche in this rap shit you way wrong
 I stay up, I stay on, shine bright, like neon
 Your song's, pathetic, synthetic, like Rayon
 Fat beats, they play on, want dope rhymes, put me on
 Word is bond... you know my steez

